

## EDITORIAL

Dr. J. T. Ryder, of Waycross, says that he is going to have the lynchers of his brother spotted and prosecuted.

A man who is not afraid has no need to carry a pistol. It is only the scariest fellow that needs a pistol in this civilized age.

When a dog foams at the mouth turns his hair the wrong way, bites everything in reach and kills everything that he bites, what difference does it make whether he is mad or not mad?

We will agree to catch a catfish in Wakulla, that can swallow alive, boots and all, every man that Dr. Ryder convicts and punishes for lynching his brother for assassinating Miss Owens.

This is a funny old world. One half of it is scaring itself to death about mad dogs, while the other half is swearing that there is no such thing as hydrophobia, and that a dog never runs mad.

Girls, beware of false charms. The beautiful blond hair of a Massachusetts girl captivated a Boston man, and he married her. Now he is suing for divorce, on the grounds that her hair was false.

Toccoa and Clarksville Ga., are in a death struggle for the court house of Habersham county. The agitation is damaging the county ten times more than the court house could possibly benefit either of the towns.

A Texas murderer is to have a brass band at his execution. He should go the whole length and have fire works in the evening.—Macon County (Ga.) Citizen. Don't worry about the fire works. Old Pluto will attend to that.

When you get dead broke, completely busted, and have nothing but a ragged suit and an empty pocketbook to divide, go to the Socialist community at Ruskin Tennessee and "jine de ban." A man with money don't need to join them.

There has been a steady decrease in rainfall during the past twenty years, and we are now told by scientists that the world is two years behind in its annual rain supply. At this rate it will not be many years longer until we will all have to go to irrigating.

The supercilious girl had better look well before she gives a man the final "no." He may yet be a president, and then what a good parti lost! Many instances, as of Lincolns first love, and Cleveland's long ago sweetheart, prove their subsequent, heart breaking regret which follows such haughty refusals.—Pensacola News. But if Lincoln and Cleveland had married those supercilious girls, they might have missed being president. The wife has much to do with the greatness of the man. See how Napoleon steadily lost ground after putting aside Josephine, whose counsel had helped him to rise.

## A HAPPY FAMILY PLAN

Ruskin Tennessee is the home of a socialist community, and from their organ, the "Coming Nation," we clip the item below, descriptive of how they manage their property affairs.

The "Coming Nation" thinks this a model plan, and wants to organize a party to be called "Social Democracy" and run the whole United States Government on the plan of Ruskin.

Read it and just imagine what a jolly lot we would all be with millionaires, bankers, merchants, doctors, lawyers, preachers, saloon keepers, mechanics, farmers sailors, gamblers, statesmen, christians, Jews, infidels and all, bunching their money together and owning property as one happy family.

"This place, like all other towns, was built by working men. Unlike other towns it is owned by the men who built it, though none of them have a deed. The property is owned by society—the title is held in common. Every one has a house and lot, and the rent is free in the usual sense of the word. It is paid however in labor—not as a definite payment, but because the laborer turns his entire creations over to society, and it necessarily follows that he pays for his house. Unlike many laborers in competition who fear that they will not receive the value of their work, these Ruskin people have a home which is as securely theirs as if they had a deed, if in reality it is not more so. Occupancy is the only title, and a Ruskinite would not accept two houses for he would have no use for one them. Here you see the difference between private and public ownership of dwellings.

The discovery of such rich deposits of Gold in Alaska is arousing a gold fever equal to the fever of '49.

Liberty County Observer.—Mr. Andrew Roberts and wife, of Wakulla county, who were here last week to attend the Williams-Roberts wedding and to visit friends and relatives, left Monday for their home.

Miss Francis Hayes, the only daughter of the late President Hayes, will be married to Ensign Harry Eaton Smith, U. S. N., on Sept. 1, at the Hayes mansion, Spiegel Grove. President and Mrs. McKinley will attend.

Ben Moody, of Little Manatee enjoys the distinction of being the only man in Florida who has ever had the enterprise to cultivate oysters artificially—as they are cared for in the Northern States. He has about twelve acres placed at his place on the Little Manatee river, and will early in September open up a canning factory with a capacity of 2,500 cans.—Tampa Tribune.

## STATE NEWS.

The Corn Fair was a big success and will prove to be a lasting benefit to Florida.

St. Augustine Herald.—James Brown of Linton, has planted in this city about one hundred thousand celery plants. He will begin to transplant from his seed beds in this city to his celery farm at Linton the 1st of September.

Floridian.—Ex-Gov. F. P. Fleming, of Jacksonville, and two New York capitalists, Messrs Chas. C. Keeler and R. M. Caffall, were at the capital this week in the interest of a projected ship canal across the peninsula of Florida.

Two pair of brothers, Jim and Will McCraven and George and Graham Long, fell out over a game of pool at Newberry Fla., last week, and the Longs coddled the McCravens with bullets so seriously that both will probably die. The Longs were also hit but got away.

Appalachian Times.—It is rumored that a large double band saw mill will soon be erected at Old Woman's Bluff. Let it come there is plenty room for more. \*\*\* Preparations have been begun at Fort Pickens for the building of emplacements for eight additional sea coast mortars of the latest design. The batteries will be located in the vicinity of the big disappearing guns on Santa Rosa Island. Fort Barrancas is also being remodeled.

Jasper News.—Forty years ago right here in Florida, there was not a mile of railroad, except the one from Tallahassee to St. Marks, and the engines were yellow mules. The freight on a bale of cotton from here to Jacksonville was \$9. Jacksonville itself only had 800 inhabitants. There was not a daily paper in the state, and plenty of trails in the state could be traveled for a hundred miles and not a trace of a human being be seen. The cussed railroads are responsible for the changed condition of things. No wonder the people curse 'em.

Fort Myers Press.—Oyster planting on the Halifax, between Port Orange and the inlet, is proving a financial success. \*\*\* The thirty cocoa nut trees set out on the McGregor place by Capt. Nick Armeda a couple of months ago, are growing off finely. \*\*\* Four boys had a close call last Sunday—at least three of them did. They were James Mills, Henderson Langford, Milton Underhill and Tot Williams. They were out sailing in a small skiff, when a squall struck the boat and upset it. The boys were in the middle of the river at the time, nearly a mile from shore. Mills and Henderson Langford managed to crawl up on the upturned boat, while Milton Underhill and Tot Williams started to swim ashore. Tot came through the water like a torpedo boat, and was within a couple of hundred yards of the dock when he was picked up by one of the boats that had started to the rescue. Milton had however, overestimated his powers, and if he had not been picked up, would soon have gone down. The boys all seemed to think that it was a very funny affair. Perhaps their parents didn't agree with them. \*\*\* Agent R. J. Williamson woke up one day last week and found some beautiful flower gardens growing alongside of Mr. Plant's steam boat dock, where the day before there had been nothing but an expanse of water. They were some floating islands of water hyacinths that had been set adrift by the high water up the river, and had floated down and lodged against the dock piling. The hyacinths are in bloom and make a pretty sight. At the rate these plants are multiplying up the river, however, they promise to become as much of an impediment to navigation on the Caloosahatchee as is the case on the St. Johns.

## THE LILY WHITE DISASTER

(From The Fort Myers Press.)

The schooner was making good headway with a strong northwest wind blowing, although the sea was very rough, sending the three Ft. Myers passengers below seasick. Suddenly at about three o'clock in the afternoon a loud shout came from above for the men to get out, at the same time the ship went over like a shot. At the first warning Mr. Lybass and Nathan Swain jumped for the doorway, where they became wedged, a great suction seeming to draw them back into the cabin; after a struggle they forced their way through, followed by Sheriff Langford, who had not emerged when the cabin went under. The boat had been struck by what the sailors term a windsport, a fierce column of revolving air that laid low everything in its path. It came without the least warning, and there was no chance to shorten sail, and even had there been, it is doubtful if the vessel would have stood the shock. This windsport was the forerunner of a severe gale that at once sprung up and kept the sea in an uproar all night.

The vessel had been completely turned over, and only her copper bottom showed on the surface. When the men came to the surface after pumping from the boat, Mr. Lybass and Swain found themselves side by side. Mr. Lybass encouraged Mr. Swain to keep up with him, and he answered hopefully that he was "all right." The copper sheeting on the Lily White was torn, and to attempt to get near it in the raging sea, was to be cut to pieces.

The men now began to look around for some floating articles to cling to. The water barrel came near Mr. Lybass, but it was full of water and his added touch would send it under water. Capt. Griffin had succeeded in getting to a small section of the topmast that had broken off, and one of the sailors was floating on a water bucket and the way he managed his little life raft showed that he was an old salt. When over the bucket filled with water it would sink, when the sailor would raise it up and pour the water out of it, and letting it fill with air, would press it against his body, when it would buoy him up until again filled with water, this bucket was then put to another use. The life boat which had been hanging from davits on the schooner had wrenched the davits off, and was floating off, when it was discovered by the cook. Mr. Lybass was the next to reach it. Up to within a few minutes before this he had been talking to Mr. Swain who was swimming behind him, but when he turned around to call to him, he had disappeared beneath the waves. Mr. Swain was known to be an excellent swimmer, and was battling for life bravely and calmly, and it is supposed that he must have been attacked with cramp. Could he have held up a few minutes longer he would have been saved with the others. The only other person who lost his life was a sailor named Charles Shorlund who went down when the schooner capsized.

When the yawl was discovered afloat bottom up, the struggling men all swam to it. These men had never given up under the very discouraging conditions in which they struggled for life. They were cool and collected, and when they were all gathered about the yawl they must have felt renewed hope. Capt. Griffin ordered all the men seven in number, including the passengers, on one side of the upturned boat, and in this way attempted to right her up, but she would not turn, for the iron davits were still hanging to her and holding her down. Then the sailor with the bucket came to the rescue. He dove down under the yawl, and with a knife cut away the davits, and

the next attempt to right the boat was successful. As she righted the man with the bucket jumped into her and bailed for dear life, and in this wonderful way seven men worked for their lives, righted a heavy 18 foot life boat in the Gulf and crawled into the boat exhausted.

All this had taken three hours, but their privations were not yet over. The storm was raging and the sea rolling high, and night was coming on, without the sign of a sail in sight. They were thirty miles from the nearest land, which was near Key West. Fortunately for them a pair of oars were found lashed to the seats. Still more fortunate was it that all this had occurred in daylight. Had it been night, the yawl boat might have floated off unseen, and every one must surely have gone down before assistance could have reached them.

All through the storm and night the men took turns at the oars keeping the boats head to the gale, and he it said to the credit of the prisoner, he worked as manfully as any of the others. The next day the storm abated and the sun came out. Some of the men were half dead and were burned terribly. There was not a drop of water or food to be had, and the men suffered from thirst terribly in the hot sun. This lasted until late in the afternoon, when a sail was sighted, and this proved to be the sponge boat Lily Bird. At first they had some difficulty in getting to the boat, as the men were under the impression that they were a lot of escaped negroes from Key West but they were finally overtaken and made to understand the situation, and then the shipwrecked men were gladly taken aboard and carried to Key West.

## The Vote.

For the most popular girl in Wakulla, the vote at Towle's Drug Store last night stood as follows:

Miss Ola McLeod,	301.
" Lulu Walker,	285.
" May Council,	275.
" Mittle Walker,	204.
" Lizzie Knehr,	64.
" Bessie Walker,	54.
" Robertin Ezell,	46.
" Edna Winn,	15.
" Florida Walker,	10.

The vote for the most popular young man was as follows:

Mr. Emulus Forbes,	58.
" R. Don McLeod Jr.,	43.
" W. W. Walker Jr.,	21.
" Jim Calloway,	12.
" Hilton Gwaltney,	2.
" Early Durrance,	2.
" John Harrell,	1.
" Geo. Smith,	1.
" Ralph Causseaux,	1.
" Bascomb Powell,	1.
" C. K. Allen,	1.

The prize offered by Mr. Towles for the most popular young lady, is a hand-somely bound, illustrated copy of Milton's Paradise Lost.

## New-Hardware-Store.

We have recently opened up a new hardware store next door to the Tallahassee office. A full line of all kinds of Hardware, Agricultural Implements, Stoves, Tinware, &c. Also Lime, Cement, Plaster, Brick and Hair.

Call and see us.  
Gilmore & Davis Co.,

Tallahassee Florida